

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 4

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 24, 1915

Autumn Leaves.

IN the hush and the lonely silence
Of the chill October night,
Some wizard has worked his magic
With fairy fingers light.

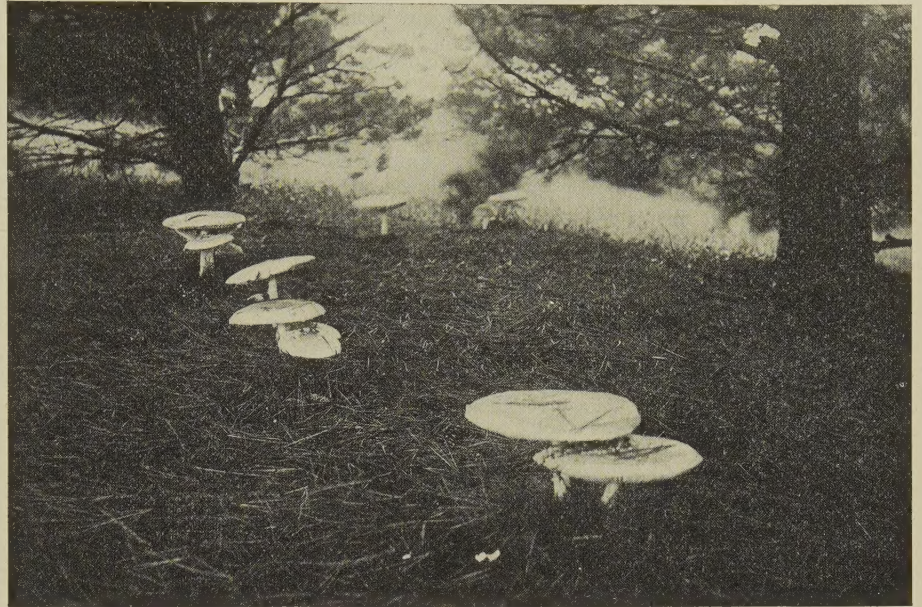
The leaves of the sturdy oak trees
Are splendid with crimson and red,
And the golden flags of the maple
Are fluttering overhead.

Through the tangle of faded grasses
There are trailing vines ablaze,
And the glory of warmth and color
Gleams through the autumn haze.

Like banners of marching armies
That farther and farther go,
Down the winding roads and valleys
The boughs of the sumacs glow.

So open your eyes, little children,
And open your hearts as well,
Till the charm of the bright October
Shall fold you in its spell.

ANGELINA WRAY.



FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

The Prince's Leaf House.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

ONCE there was a young prince astray and poor in a foreign land. His father had lost his throne in a revolution, the family was scattered, and the prince was wandering alone and penniless through the world.

He was a brave, cheery boy, however, and even in the days when he was a prince he had learned to use his hands well, so he could do many a bit of work to earn his day's bread, and whenever he had bread he always found some one more helpless than himself with whom he shared it.

One day as he walked through the streets there came a man who told him that he, too, was from the kingdom once ruled over by the prince's father. He said he had left a big house in the country, and if the prince cared to go he might live there. Garden and orchard and field would afford him more than enough to live on.

"I give it to you as a free gift," said the man.

"Is it indeed mine for my own use?" asked the prince.

"It is entirely yours, and I shall never claim it at all."

"And may I take some one else there to live with me?"

"You may take all you like. The house and land are no longer mine, but yours, for I shall never go back to the kingdom."

The prince thanked him most heartily, and told him he would take good care of house and land, and if ever he chose to return he would find all in good condition. But he only said he would never return, and went on his way. And the prince hurried

back to the poor room where he lived. He was going to start at once, but he wanted to take his comrade with him. The comrade was a homeless little lad that he had found in the streets one day, and had taken home to share whatever he had.

"Ho, Cyril!" he cried, "what do you think has happened?"

"A fairy godmother," said Cyril. He saw by the prince's face that something fine had happened.

"Almost as good," said the prince. "I have been given a house and land, and I am allowed to take some one with me to live in it, if I choose. We shall start out at once and journey to the house. There we shall till our garden and orchard, and live in plenty."

So the boys made up a small bundle of their poor belongings and started out. With the money he had from a day's work the prince bought food, and they knew they could work along the way to support themselves until they got there.

But the prince did not know that the man who had apparently given him such a generous gift was a deadly enemy of the royal family, and that he sought only to do them harm. He had carefully described the way the prince was to take. But if his directions were followed the prince would arrive in a barren part of the country where a few sparse trees grew, and where there were no gardens or orchards at all. But the prince, who did not know that any one in the world could do so evil a thing, started out gaily. He was rejoicing doubly because he could give poor Cyril a good home.

As they went through the city streets they came upon a crippled child, who was weeping. The prince bent over to ask what was the matter, and he found that this was another homeless orphan child. For in those old days

they did not have homes to take care of the orphan children.

"Come with us," said the prince. "We have a home, and there is room for you too, for the house is big, and it stands in the midst of gardens and orchards. Can you walk at all?"

"Not much," said the boy, "but I have a little wagon."

"Then we will draw you," said the prince. So they went on, drawing the wagon in which the cripple boy sat.

"What is this?" said a big ragged boy, stopping them. "Where are you going with little Mark? He has always been my care."

"Oh, Petrus!" cried the lame boy, "they are taking me away to a beautiful home in the country. Please, kind boy, can't Petrus go too? He is such a good boy, and so strong he can help you a great deal."

"Of course he can go if he chooses," said the prince. And he told Petrus about the promised house.

"I could help you a lot about the garden," said Petrus, "and I'd like to go. But there's my old granny. I've been taking care of her. She isn't really my granny, she's just an old lady without any folks, but she was good to me when I was a little chap, and I don't like to leave her now."

"Would she come along?" said the prince. "It would be fine to have a grandmother in our house."

Petrus ran to see, and soon came back with a dear little old lady, who stepped along briskly, and said she was only too happy to be grandmother to a houseful of boys. So she went along too. It was a mercy she was really fond of children. It would have been poor company for her if she were not. The city was large, and on their way to the country they passed through the poorest parts of it.

So before they reached the open country they had twenty-four children and a grandmother in the party.

They had to travel slowly, for some of the children were small, and some not strong. But the big children were kind and helped the smaller ones, and every one was full of joy at the thought of having a home in the beautiful country. Soon they reached the borders of the prince's kingdom. The farmers along the way were glad to give the bigger boys work, so they could earn bread and milk for all the crowd.

Now the prince began to follow closely the directions the man had given him, for he thought he must be near the place. He crossed the river by the dragon bridge. He turned to the south at the hermit's hut. He followed the road to the four great oaks, and then he stopped with his party, and looked about for the beautiful house and garden.

Alas, there was nothing in sight but the sandy soil, and a few sparse trees! Much troubled, the prince bade his big family sit down and rest while he went back to the road to make inquiries. He saw a knight pacing along, and he asked him courteously where the promised house and garden were.

"You have been deceived by a base traitor," said the knight. "There is no such house anywhere about. And as for the man that promised you this, he has neither house nor land in all the kingdom, for he was exiled many years ago for treachery toward his country."

"To whom does this land belong then?" said the prince.

"It is public land," said the knight. "Any one may have it who chooses to settle upon it. But, as you see, it is barren and waste, and no garden will grow here."

The prince thanked the knight, and went back to his people. His heart was heavy, for now he did not know where to turn. It looked like a stormy night, so with the help of the big boys he cut down boughs, and made tents of the branches to shelter the children. Then they went about searching for water, and they found a spring up on the mountainside. It was small and choked with rocks so that the water trickled away before even the thirsty animals could get a drink. The boys cleared it out, and used the rocks to make a little well from which they could draw water. Then just below that they made another and larger well into which the water could fall, and from which animals could drink. It seemed as if the little spring was grateful for the care. It seemed to send up a greater volume of water. Before they left both wells were full, and the water was trickling over the wall, and running in a thin stream down the hill.

Soon darkness fell and the wanderers went into the leaf tents to rest for the night. And in those hours when all were sleeping a wonderful kind of white magic was taking place in that barren tract. The hermit by the roadside and the knight to whom the prince had talked were one and the same person. And he knew something of magic. Won by the gentle prince, he wove his spell all the night.

When the prince awoke early in the morning, he rubbed his eyes again, and tried to make out where he was. Was he back in his father's palace, and all his hard times only a dream? Surely he was lying in a beautiful room such as he had had in the palace. Then he jumped up to look about him. He heard the voices of his companions, and soon the other children came flocking in to ask what

had happened. It was not a dream then, for here were all the poor children he had gathered from the city streets. But they had gone to sleep in rude tents made of branches, and they awoke in a great mansion of marble. By some strange enchantment the huts had been changed into a palace.

Then they ran out of doors. And the barren waste was gone. The little spring had sent a tiny thread of a brook down across the plain, and wherever it had gone flowers were springing, vegetables, ready to eat, were growing, grain was waving in the fields, and everywhere there were fruit trees with their fruit ready to eat.

So the prince found a home for his comrades, and so well did he keep the realm, and so much did he improve all the country roundabout, that he became known as a great and good man, and after a while the people called him to be king over all the land.

There is a bit of truth that we ought all see in this old legend. Of course no marble palace grew up over night to shelter those helpless ones. But many a person, kind and merciful like the prince, has seen great homes and institutions grow up to shelter the needy whom they have gathered together. The waste places do not grow to fruit and flowers over night, but many a waste place has become a garden spot because some one who loved his fellowmen has worked patiently and faithfully.

Autumn's Color Fairies.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

[Three girls represent Red, Gold, and Purple. Dress or ribbons may indicate the color or crêpe paper may be used. Each may carry the flowers, leaves, or fruit mentioned.]

They enter together.

1ST GIRL.

We're Autumn's Artist Fairies three—
We paint each fruit and flower and tree;

2D GIRL.

Our colors we combine with skill,
In decorating field and hill.

3D GIRL.

Of course, we're not the only hues—
For Autumn needs her Browns and Blues,
Her Bronze and Russet, Green and Pink,
But we're her favorites, we think!

RED. [*Stepping forward.*]

My brush in brightest Red I dip,
Then thro' the rustling woods I trip,
And spill the crimson color bright
On every maple tree in sight.
Then thro' the pretty lanes I go,
To set the sumac bush aglow
And make the trailing woodbine burn.
And then with scarlet magic turn—
To touch the fruit that waits for me
On ev'ry laden orchard tree;
Then ruddy apples, juicy, sweet,
Drop glowing, at your very feet.

[*Steps back to place.*]

GOLD. [*Stepping to front.*]

I'm Gold! I paint the wings of morn,
And brush the rip'ning wheat and corn;
My lovely goldenrod I light
To cheer your paths with torches bright.
I color with deft artist's stroke
Each maple, cotton-wood, and oak;

My fairy gold I freely spill
On every sun-kissed field and hill.
Like Midas in the story old,
My touch turns pumpkin balls to gold;
While glowing peach and quince and pear
Betray my touch of beauty there.

[*Returns to place.*]

PURPLE. [*Stepping forward.*]

My Purple paint is very rare;
I've not so much of it to spare
As fairies Red and Gold so bright,
But what I do is perfect, quite!
My royal hue and beauty shine
On purple grapes of clustered vine;
On asters fair that star the grass—
And plums that ripen as I pass.
And over Autumn's gown of gold,
A misty, purple scarf I fold;
I weave a haze o'er mountains grand—
And glorify the dreaming land.

[*Returns to place.*]

[*May be said together, or by one chosen to speak for the three.*]

And now we artists must away—
Our work is waiting us to-day;
But don't forget, you have a share
In making Nature's gifts more fair.
Remember, He who dwells above
Has granted you, in perfect Love,
This wealth of beauty all your days;
Then lift your hearts in grateful praise.

The Mysterious Knocker.

BY HELEN WARD BANKS.

"YOU won't mind staying alone, Janie?" asked Aunt Mary.

"No-o," answered Janie, doubtfully.

"I shan't be gone more than an hour," went on Aunt Mary as she pinned her hat. "I wouldn't leave you alone in the house the first day of your visit if I hadn't promised Mrs. Harden I'd run in to sit with Susie while she got out for a spell. There's nothing under the shining sun that can hurt you, but, if you get scared of the quiet, just go into the Ninety-first Psalm. I always go into that when I think there's anything to be afraid of. And I always find out there isn't. Good-by."

The house seemed very big and still to Janie after Aunt Mary had kissed her and had walked off down the road. Nothing made any sound in the country stillness except a wren trilling outside and the big clock ticking in the living-room inside.

Janie had a story-book to finish, and she curled up with it in Aunt Mary's big chair. Half-an-hour ticked itself away, and Janie had forgotten she was alone, when some one rapped briskly at the side door.

"Tap, tap, tap!" it sounded, and before Janie could move, "Tap, tap, tap!" again.

"I'd better see who it is," Janie thought, uncurling her legs. "I hope it isn't a tramp."

She went to the side-door and opened it. No one was there. Janie looked in every direction, but no one was to be seen.

"That's funny," she thought.

She closed that door and went to each of the other doors. But no one was at any of them.

"And it isn't April Fools' Day, either," she said as she sat down again to read.

Before she had turned a page, the rapping came again by the side-door: "Tap, tap, tap! tap, tap, tap!" clear and loud.

Janie sprang to open the door before any one could run away. But no one was in sight. She stepped out on the big doorstep to look, but she did not see anybody. She came in and closed the door and locked it.

"I'm not going again," she said. "I wish Aunt Mary would come. I'm afraid."

Then into her mind came Aunt Mary's words, "If you get scared, go into the Ninety-first Psalm."

Janie took Aunt Mary's Bible from her sewing-stand under the big clock, and opened it to the wonderful words of safety and comfort that are written in that psalm.

Little by little, as she read, the fear went out of her heart and the loneliness out of the living-room.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," she whispered as she finished the psalm. "If God is taking such care of us as that, there's nothing to be afraid of."

She went back to her chair and her book. Once more the tapping came, sharp and loud, but Janie whispered again, "'to keep thee in all thy ways,'" and smiled as she said it.

It was only fifteen minutes more before Aunt Mary came. Janie ran to open the side-door for her.

"Well, nothing ran off with you?" asked Aunt Mary, from the doorstep.

"I got scared," Janie confessed. "Somebody very mysterious kept knocking at this door, and when I came no one was here. I was terribly afraid till I remembered the psalm. There! there's the knocking now, and there's no one here but you and me."

Aunt Mary laughed without making any noise, and beckoned Janie to come quietly out to the doorstep.

"Look!" whispered Aunt Mary, pointing to the side of the house.

Braced against the shingles was a gray-blue bird with a white breast. As they watched, he threw back his head, and with the strong muscles of his neck, tap-tapped his long bill against the side of the house.

"Oh!" laughed Janie, and the bird flew away.

"It's my nuthatch," explained Aunt Mary. "I feed him all winter, and he stays with me most of the summer. Perhaps he finds something to eat in the old shingles. He taps that way very often."

"And if I hadn't had the Ninety-first Psalm, I'd have been awfully afraid of just a little bird," said Janie.

Aunt Mary nodded and smiled. "Most of the things we are afraid of are just as harmless as my nuthatch when we know that God keeps us in all our ways."

"I'll remember," said Janie.

From Our Young Contributors.

THE PERFECT NIGHT.

BY FLOLA SHEPARD.

A calm and peaceful night has come,
The birds are hushed and still,
Everything has gone to rest
From the river to the rill.

A starry night has canopied
This great wide land of ours,
And a gentle dew has fallen down
Upon the sleeping flowers.

Then in the silence of this night
The tired soul finds peace,
And from the grinding toil of day
The hand and mind release.

Friend Muskrat.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

ON a day in early September, two of us were spending an afternoon between trains at the Chautauqua grounds, Devil's Lake. We were watching an immense flock of ducks feeding on eel-grass, or "wild celery," about thirty feet from the shore.

Suddenly, my companion directed my attention to a muskrat swimming in from the flock. He had a mouthful of white and green stems, floating behind him in the clear water, like an immense mustache. He swam with it into a wire-netted fence corner that jutted out in the water, and crept under a rooted stump that lay there. He put his small pile of weeds under a sheltering, water-bleached root, and we watched him eat it. He was a little fellow, not fully grown. He sat up on his haunches, held the roots to his mouth with his handlike fore paws, and ate squirrel or dormouse fashion. We were about twenty-five feet from him, and by peering down and across could just glimpse him.

After a few minutes, he turned and swam out for more weeds. Within a very few feet of the flock of ducks, he dived and came up, swimming toward the shore with another mouthful. He brought it in and ate it, as before. When he had done this three or four times, I wanted to get nearer to him. So, while he was gone, I went over and sat on a log about five feet from his nook. He swam in as though I were not there at all, though certainly he must have seen me. Perhaps, however, he took me for a mere "bump on a log." The next time he went away, I ran over and stood close to the fence and just back of the root-sheltered place he had selected for his banquet hall. It was as close as I could get to him, for on my side of the fence the water came in a foot or two farther than it did on the stump's side.

Friend Muskrat didn't mind me at all when he came back, but nibbled away at his weeds. He ate only the white stems, and when they were gone he left the green stems in a heap at one side, and went back for more. His two tiny, hairy paws looked like a monkey's, or as though he was dining in a pair of yellow dogskin gloves with all the hair left on the backs but almost worn off the fingers.

Finally, to tease him, and because I wanted a bite of his food, I reached over with my parasol tip and drew the new heap he had just brought away from him ever so

slightly. He threw down the bit of white stem he had been munching and followed his retreating supply, picked up another stem and commenced eating it quickly. But when I pulled it too far away from him, and out of the shelter of that root, he abandoned the bunch as something evilly possessed and went out to where the ducks were feeding.

He dived and came up with some new roots, as usual, but instead of swimming in with them, he floated on the water near the flock of ducks and much like one of them and ate his relish there.

"He won't trust you with it," laughed my companion.

But Friend Muskrat soon tired of eating in the water. After diving twice and eating his catch out in the lake, he swam in with his third mouthful and crept under the fence and out of the water. But he stopped just inside the fence and as far away from me as he could get, and still be in the shelter of that stump. Someway, his banquet tasted better on the white sand in that secluded bower than anywhere else.

He did this three times, and then to try him again I drew his fresh pile of white roots away as before. But this time he followed them up as they gradually worked toward the fence, until he was eating on one side of the wire and I was standing directly opposite him on the other.

After that, he seemed to have no fear of me, and wherever that parasol tip spirited his food he pursued it. Though he did refuse to come on my side of the fence, and abandoned a choice tidbit I got through the wires.

How he did enjoy those white stems! He would hold one to his mouth and snap off bits until the white was gone, champing his small teeth up and down with all the delight of a schoolboy making way with a luscious apple. And when I sampled the roots, I thought they must be delicious from a muskrat's standpoint,—crisp and spicy and juicy and briny, and somewhat like garden celery.

I was still enjoying myself with that stoical and friendly little muskrat, when it was time to take the car back to town to catch my train; I left him regretfully, and with the sincere hope that no trap or gun will ever get him. So harmless and clever and trusting a wight deserves to live on to a ripe old age.



By H. W. Frees.

A WELL-TRAINED NURSE.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Letters will be published so far as space permits; the most original and interesting will be chosen. The names of all whose letters do not appear will be printed in the lists. The Beacon Club button will be sent to each member when the letter is received. Write on one side of the paper. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.,
710 Washington Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have not seen a letter from Kalamazoo, so I thought I would write one.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Mr. Patterson is our minister. I like to read the letters the different children send to you, and would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

Your loving friend,
WINIFRED WAITE.

The Editor is pleased to receive your letter, Winifred, and to have your school and your city represented in our Club. We have another Michigan letter, and gladly welcome the twins from the Holland Unitarian Church.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.,
1135 Davis Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—We have just passed our ninth birthday, and would be pleased to celebrate by becoming members of the Beacon Club. May we? We live about a mile and a half from the Holland Unitarian Church, where we go to Sunday school.

It is the only Holland Unitarian church in the United States. We are twins, and so are writing a "two in one" letter.

Yours truly,
ELMER LAMMERS.
SIDNEY LAMMERS.

WORCESTER, MASS.,
35 Uxbridge Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the First Unitarian Church and Sunday school. There are eight girls in my class. Our teacher's name is Miss Alice Paine. I like her very much.

We have been studying the Bible and how it came to us. It is a very interesting subject. I learned many useful and interesting things about the formation of the Bible.

I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I think more than your other paper the *Every Other Sunday*, though I enjoyed that too.

I would like to join the Beacon Club. I wish your Club a great success.

Sincerely,
EDITH BENNETT.

MATTAPAN, MASS.,
95 Wellington Hill Street.

Dear Editor,—Though I am not yet eight years old, I have quite a little library—forty or fifty books such as the "Five Little Peppers," "Alice in Wonderland," "Boy Heroes," and have read them all myself, but when papa asked me to name my choice, I named *Every Other Sunday* bound volume No. XXV. among the first three.

I hope to see *The Beacon* again very soon.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES ELIOT SANDS.

ASHLYNS, SUDBURY,
MIDDLESEX, ENG.

Dear Miss Buck,—I was very glad to see my letter in *The Beacon* after I arrived in England. A friend sends it to me.

Our home is only sixteen minutes from London, it is quite near the famous Harrow schools. The country around is very pretty, not like America as every-

thing here is so much older. The schools were built in 1571 which makes them very old.

We wish the dreadful war would end. Quite often we see aeroplanes going over our house. Of course, they are English ones.

With much love from your little friend,
ALMA MAITLAND.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Missouri Botanical Garden.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy *The Beacon* greatly, and read it every Sunday with much interest. Dr. Dodson is our minister, and Mrs. Mephram is our superintendent, and Mrs. Merton is my teacher. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school on the corner of Armstrong and Compton Avenues here in St. Louis. We are learning the Nineteenth Psalm now and we will learn the Twenty-fourth. We are studying Saul. I like *The Beacon* so much I wish every Sunday school might have it.

Lovingly,
HARRIET MOORE.
(Age 10.)

PALO ALTO, CAL.,
1350 Lincoln Ave.

My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Palo Alto, and I enjoy it very much. I love to read *The Beacon*, for it has such nice stories in it. I like the page for Little Folks quite well, but it is a little bit too young for me. I hope to see this letter in print, if the writing is well enough.

Yours truly,
BARBARA MARX.
(Age 8.)

From the Editor to You.

True Beauty. The loveliness of autumn helps to cultivate our sense of the beautiful. In the beginning we all have very crude ideas about color and form. A girl likes bright colors, and so wears a dress of one shade and hair ribbons of another which does not harmonize. Mother wants her to change the ribbons, and she pouts about it because she thinks they are "so lovely." They are—but not in the crude combination the child desires. Savages love bright colors, but rarely have the sense of true beauty. They have never learned.

The autumn colors may help cultivate one's ideals of beauty. We may learn from God's lavish gift of color in leaf and flower, as well as from parents and teachers and friends. It is right to love and desire beautiful things, to wish to give pleasure by what one wears. Neatness and harmony are really politeness in dress. But it is necessary to learn this sort of politeness, as well as that which is shown in word and manner.

True beauty of soul has to be learned, too. Your minister, your Sunday-school teacher, father and mother and friends, are all telling you about certain qualities of life,—honesty, truth-telling, generosity, tenderness, and many other things. You will try to learn what they are teaching, because these things give that true beauty of life and soul which makes a lovely child. The beauty of holiness, of which these things are part, is the crown of life. Here is a two-line prayer for every boy and girl who wants to learn the lesson God would teach with autumn's loveliness:

"Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 10, 6, 7, belongs to the human race.
My 16, 21, 20, 19, is what plants do.
My 17, 15, 16, 5, is not low.
My 18, 20, 4, amuses a child.
My 9, 2, 3, 8, is found at the beach.
My 14, 11, 22, 13, is a body of water.
My 1, 6, 18, is placed on the floor.
My 12, 15, 18, 13, is carried by the wind.
My *whole* is a true saying.

RUTH GRAVES.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 4, 8, 9, is a kind of tree.
My 6, 4, 3, 1, is a toy.
My 9, 4, 2, 3, falls from the sky.
My 8, 3, 7, 8, 9, comes after a snowstorm.
My 2, 1, 3, is evil.
My 5, 1, 4, 8, 8, is found in a school-room.
My 6, 2, 1, 3, is part of a bird.
My *whole* is a flowering shrub.

BERTHA VOGEL.

CONCEALED TREES.

1. The map lets one know locations of places.
2. The camel may travel many miles without water.
3. To the very top of the chest, nuts lay in store for the winter fun.
4. "Whoa, King," said farmer Mills, as he reined in his horse.
5. If irrigation is introduced, that tract of land will become fertile.
6. The plants were placed around the room.
7. Please pin each sleeve in place.
8. In sewing that hem, lock-stitch will not do.
9. An ape arrived at the zoo yesterday.
10. The burglar's pal met with an accident.

DOROTHY WEST.

LETTER PUZZLE.

I am composed of six letters. They are one-third of *jar*; one-fourth of *poor*; one-half of *us*; one-third of *hen*; one-fourth of *four*; and one-third of *hat*. My *whole* was a leader of the Israelites.

The Pilgrim Visitor.

WORD SQUARE.

1. Household pests.
2. A pain.
3. Slender
4. A transitive verb.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.—Little Jack Horner.

ENIGMA IV.—Eugene Field.

ENIGMA V.—Every day is a new beginning.

STRAY SYLLABLES.—1. Forgotten. 2. Rosemary. 3. Miserable. 4. Nightingale. 5. Covering. 6. Vaseline. 7. Cockatoo.

AUTUMN NUTS TO CRACK.—1. Beechnut. 2. Butternut. 3. Walnut. 4. Hazelnut. 5. Peanut. 6. Cocoanut. 7. Chestnut.

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